

Dan

reddie_or_not

Dan by reddie_or_not

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Bisexual Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Flirting, Fluff and Humor, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Jealousy, M/M, Oblivious Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Unresolved Romantic Tension, richie and eddie are super close but not dating, richie hates him. that's basically it, some guy likes eddie and he's like okay...

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Original Male Character(s), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Original Male Character(s) (one-sided), Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier/Eddie Kaspbrak

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Summary:

The Losers have a new member, Dan, who is very keen on Eddie much to Richie's annoyance.

Dan

Richie and Eddie shared a weird relationship, the kind of relationship that had the other five people in their group scratching their heads. They weren't dating but they were definitely more than just friends. They kissed and cuddled, held hands, flirted, shared a bed, called each other names, bickered like an old married couple. But they went on dates with other people; it never worked out, though. Eddie's would-be girlfriends felt they were competing with someone they could never beat. Richie's various boyfriends and girlfriends never matched up to Eddie. The other Losers wanted to shout and scream that they were perfect for each other and they were the only two that couldn't see it. That was until Dan came along.

Dan Ellis was a student about the same age as the Losers Club. He was tall, handsome and very taken with one Eddie Kaspbrak even if he didn't say so. It was obvious to everyone except Eddie, especially Richie. Much to his annoyance. They'd met some weeks ago as Dan had needed help in class and now Eddie had become his somewhat unofficial tutor. The other Losers knew of him but had yet to meet him. On occasions where Eddie had mentioned he'd be meeting Dan, Richie made a show of saying goodbye, kissing and touching him that little bit more. But he wasn't jealous. The opportunity for Dan to meet the Losers Club finally came when the seven of them arranged to hang out together at the quarry.

Bill, Bev, Richie and Ben were busy frolicking in the water whilst Mike sunbathed, Stan quietly sketched birds and Eddie piled on copious amounts of sunscreen and bug repellent. Dan arrived with a gym bag full of snacks for the group, a change of clothes and a towel, waving enthusiastically at Eddie as he approached. Eddie, who had been breathing into his inhaler at the time, waved back invitingly. Before he could get in any proper introductions, his inhaler was being plucked from his grip by a wet hand belonging to Richie.

"What the fuck, Richie?"

"You want it so bad, come and get it," was all he said before running back into the water, holding the inhaler aloft like it was a prize. Mike and Stan glanced at each other knowingly as Eddie rose to the bait,

leaping to his feet and tearing after Richie.

“Give it back, asshole! You’re going to ruin it!”

Eddie was clambering over Richie’s back, attempting to grab the inhaler the gangly boy was still holding out of his reach. Richie’s attempts to splash him with the filthy quarry water did nothing to stop him.

“Too slow, Spaghetti boy.”

“I will kill you, jackass,” Eddie finally succeeded in snatching back his inhaler, shaking it in the air in disgust, “gross! It’s got all this shitty water in it. There’s no way I’m putting my mouth on it now!”

“Never mind, Eds, I’ve got something else you can put your mouth on instead,” Richie said, loud enough to be heard by their new guest. Eddie, however, just jabbed him in the ribs.

“Fuck you, I’d probably catch, like, a million diseases.”

As Eddie and Richie continued their argument in the water, Dan turned to his only companions on the bank of the quarry and smiled, extending his hand, “hey, I’m Dan. Me and Eddie study together...sometimes.”

“I’m Mike and that’s Stan,” Mike offered, getting up to shake Dan’s hand politely; he offered the newcomer his towel to sit on which the boy politely declined, setting down his own. Mike gestured vaguely towards the boys, “don’t mind them, they’re always like that.”

“Yeah, I don’t want to be the one to tell you you’re wasting your time,” Stan said without looking up from his sketching, “but you probably are.”

“Stan...” Mike hissed, even though he knew he had a point. As they spoke, Eddie was facing Richie and the two were whispering intimately as they gently splashed each other.

“Eddie’s just a friend,” Dan shrugged, glancing over at the boy in question. Whatever Richie was saying to him, it was apparently the funniest thing Eddie had ever heard. He sighed, “we study together.

That's all."

Neither Stan or Mike said anything but they couldn't help but notice Dan's wistful tone of voice. Thankfully, they weren't alone with him for very long; the others soon hurried over for a round of snacks and drinks. Eddie finished off the introductions, indicating Bill, Bev, Ben and finally, Richie; they shook hands, eyeing each other up and down, each like a hunter viewing its prey.

"It's nice to finally meet you, Richie," Dan said politely, even if he didn't mean it one bit, shaking his hand firmly, "Eddie talks about you all the time."

"And he's not exaggerating," Richie grinned, clapping Eddie on the shoulder, "it really is that big."

The Losers snickered as Eddie blushed, swatting at Richie and telling him to shut the fuck up. Dan joined in with the merriment, deciding he actually quite liked this group of people. Even Richie. Sort of. He was very touchy-feely with Eddie, leaning into him, pulling at his drying curls, wrapping arms around him and kissing his cheek. The others didn't seem to be put off by the behaviour, as though it was natural. Perhaps it was. Eddie didn't seem to mind so much. In fact, he often initiated holding Richie's hand or rested his head on the boy's shoulder. Maybe Stan was right and he was wasting his time. Still, he'd take Eddie's friendship. By the time the Losers left the quarry, they'd decided Dan was a welcome addition to their group, Eddie's boyfriend or not.

The next time Dan saw Eddie - a carefully arranged study session in Dan's bedroom - the shorter boy turned up sporting a rather impressive hickey on his neck, a hickey he didn't seem to notice was there. Dan took great pleasure in pointing it out when they were discussing some bullshit mathematics theory, gesturing at Eddie's collarbone.

"Wow, someone wants me to know you're taken."

"What?" The boy looked confused, approaching the mirror to examine himself; he gasped in horror, rubbing at the mark he hadn't

registered Richie leaving on him, “for fuck’s sake, I’m going to kill him! If my Mom sees this, she’ll go mad. I’ll spend the rest of my life in a fucking hospital...”

Dan chuckled, flipping through his textbook nonchalantly, “dude, most people would love it if their boyfriend was affectionate as yours.”

“Richie’s not my boyfriend. He’s just an asshole,” Eddie scoffed, rubbing at the offending mark with a spit-dampened tissue as if that would make a difference. He was so busy trying to get rid of the hickey, he didn’t notice Dan staring at him incredulously.

“You and Richie aren’t dating?” He ruffled his hair, trying not to sound as shocked as he was, “sorry, I just assumed because you two are always so...”

“I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t interested but he’s not,” Eddie was rummaging in his emergency fanny pack for something, anything to cover the lovebite. He eventually found some concealer given to him by Bev the last time Henry Bowers had given him a black eye. He started carefully applying the concealer to the red mark, “we’re always like that, we’ve always been like that. So, yeah, he’s not my boyfriend.”

“Oh, I thought you two were a thing. He’s clearly nuts about you,” Dan said with a nervous laugh, watching Eddie’s reaction carefully. Surely, he’d seen the way Richie looked at him. Apparently not because just laughed.

“He’s not...” he paused, biting his lip as he once again examined the much less visible hickey, “is he?”

Dan rolled his eyes; the last thing he wanted to be was some sort of relationship counsellor to someone he was very much interested in dating himself but here he was, “yeah, Eddie. He’s all over you when I’m around. He hates me,” he gestured at Eddie’s shoulder, shaking his head, “he gave you a hickey, man.” Eddie just hummed in response, lost in thought as he stared at himself in the mirror. It took him several minutes to realise Dan was still talking to him, “Eddie?”

He snapped out of it quickly, turning to look at his companion, “yeah?”

“Will you go on a date with me?”

Richie was engrossed in his video games as usual when Eddie turned up almost an hour later; Richie didn't need to look at him to know he'd been with Dan the prick. Studying. Or 'studying'. Fuck him. He rolled his eyes but his mood didn't last long as Eddie sat beside him, kissing his cheek in greeting. Richie beamed, his cheeks burning as they did every time Eddie touched him. He wordlessly took up the spare controller, joining Richie's game. They played silently for several minutes until Eddie couldn't keep it in any longer.

“Dan asked me out earlier.”

Richie scoffed, still concentrating on his game, “lol, sucks to be him.”

“I said yes, actually, dickhead,” Eddie said, exclaiming in annoyance when Richie let his character die because he was too busy staring at Eddie.

“Even though I told you he eats hamsters?”

“Pretty sure you made that up,” Eddie continued, dropping the controller when it became clear Richie had completely gone off it. He spread out on Richie's bed, clasping his hands behind his head, “he seems to think you've got a crush on me.”

Richie laughed forcefully, too forcefully, lighting a cigarette and taking a long drag just to keep his hands from shaking, “what? No way. He was probably confusing you and your Mom.”

He was lucky Eddie's bullshit detector was so rubbish. The shorter boy watched him nervously smoke like a chimney and, eventually, shrugged in defeat, “yeah, you're right,” he glanced again at Richie, smirking deviously; there was nothing wrong with a bit of teasing, was there? All's fair in love and war, “God, I can't wait to give Dan my dick. It's all I've been thinking about.”

“Bet he cries when he fucks,” Richie bit out through his teeth,

practically spitting out the smoke. Eddie playfully nudged him with his foot, winking exaggeratedly.

“I’ll let you know.”

Richie smiled humorlessly, flicking his cigarette out of the window, “super.”

Eddie took pity on his pouting friend, pulling him next to him on the bed. Richie relaxed immediately, wrapping his arms around Eddie protectively. As they cuddled, Richie’s brain whirled with ideas and schemes in which he could separate Dan and Eddie, maybe getting the former to move to Peru in the process. Baby steps, Richie...

“I can’t believe Eddie’s getting laid and I’m stuck here with you assholes.”

Stan and Bill glared at him, motioning for him to be quiet. Why he had agreed to join them bird watching, he didn’t know. Apparently, they’d managed to persuade him to take his mind off of Eddie’s date. It hadn’t worked so far. He kept imagining Eddie holding Dan’s hand, kissing his cheek, proposing to him, getting married and adopting children. He groaned, dropping his head against the fence post they were ducked behind.

“You sh-should’ve told him, Ri-Richie.”

“Thanks for that stellar piece of advice, Billiam, you fucking dumbass.”

“You’re the dumbass, dumbass,” Stan said sincerely, peering through a pair of binoculars. He looked so fucking stupid but Richie didn’t have the heart to turn him down, no matter how bored out of his mind he was, “you missed an open goal.”

“He was b-begging you to m-make a move.”

“I bet Eddie’s got a lovely dick,” Richie whined, ignoring his friends to be a one-man pity party, “I should be the one on that date.”

“Richie,” Stan dropped his binoculars which were attached by a

string around his neck. He looked fed up, ready to dish out some no nonsense advice to his friend, "I'm saying this as your friend and because I really care about you...fuck off and get yourself a boyfriend."

Richie blinked, glancing at Bill for support. He just shrugged, clearly on Stan's side for this argument. He grinned and threw his arms around Stan delightedly, lifting him off his feet as he hugged him. He pounded Bill on the shoulder before hurrying off towards the Kaspbrak household. Bill rolled his eyes, shaking his head at Stan.

"I ho-hope you know wh-what you've done."

Stan was back to staring through his binoculars, relishing the peace and quiet, "yep. If he chickens out, I'll kill him, though."

Eddie currently lay on his bed, trying not to feel bad about lying to Richie about having a date with Dan. In actuality, he'd turned him down due to his intense feelings for Richie. Feelings that may never be reciprocated but it still wasn't fair to Dan. He'd been understanding and wished Eddie the best of luck. The hypochondriac had hoped his light teasing and pushing would prompt Richie to make a move. Nothing. Maybe he'd read everything wrong. Maybe he was destined to be stuck in the friend zone forever. Maybe he'd made a huge mistake turning Dan down. His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of someone climbing up to his window. Eddie stared in disbelief, throwing open the window; he didn't have time to panic about how he was supposed to be on a date, Richie immediately starting to shoot off his trashmouth.

"Eds, I don't want you to date that asshole. I mean, he's not really an asshole, he seems nice and stuff but I hate him. I can't stand seeing you two together, it makes my skin, like, itch," he continued talking as he climbed through the window, throwing himself gracelessly onto the bed, "it's killing me seeing you with him, thinking about you two together. I love you," he finally admitted, willing himself not to cry as he watched Eddie swallow urgently, his hands wringing nervously, "I'm, like, so fucking in love with you...but it's my problem and I need to deal with it so-"

“Richie, I love you, too.”

Richie took a much needed breath, practically collapsing into Eddie’s arms, “do you? Like really?” He felt Eddie nod and the tears began to flow, very much against his will. He sniffed, wiping his face on the back of his arm, “what about Dan? I thought you two were dating.”

Eddie shook his head. He was also crying, smiling down at Richie’s fingers that had curled into his, “I only said that stuff to make you jealous. I thought it might...you know.”

“Don’t care,” Richie insisted, blinking away the tears in his eyes. He raised a hand to Eddie’s cheek, swiping away the tears with his thumb; his gaze dropped to Eddie’s lips and he swallowed, “can I kiss you, Eds?”

Eddie nodded, unable to speak because he was too overwhelmed with emotion. Their lips met in a messy exchange of wet touches, the inexperience doing nothing to dampen the mood, their hands still entwined and grasping tightly to each other. They would later announce the happy news to the Losers, and even Dan would receive a delighted text from Eddie, but for now the new couple snuggled side by side on Eddie’s bed, just holding each other, happy they were finally together.